Quee. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword.
No poynt (quoth I) my seruant, straight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt.
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps,
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue eare.
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aire.
Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture shownc,
Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
Ros. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildly pende.
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire sir, God saue you: Wher'
Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it y
maunde me any seruice to her thi
King. That she vouchsafe me audienc
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my
Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as
And vtters it againe when God dooth pl
He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares
At Wakes and Wassels, meetings, mark
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord dot
Haue not the grace to grace it with such
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to, and lispe: Why this is he
That kist his hand, a way in courtisie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounsier the
That when he playes at Tables chides th
In honorable tearmes; nay he can sing
A meane most meanely, and in husherin
Mende him who can, the Ladies call hin
The staires as he treades on them kisse h
This is the floure that smyles on euery
To shew his teeth as white as Whales b
And consciences that will not die in deb
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweete tongue
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour
Till this mad man shewed thee, and wh
King. All haile sweete Madame, and
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I c
King. Conster my spaches better, i
Quee. Then wish me better, I will g
King. We came to visite you, and pu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)